# HAWTHORNE AND LOWELL.

TWO GENIAL BOOKS OF REMINISCENCE.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL.
HAWTHORNE. By Horatio Bridge. Hinstrated.
Pp. 14, 200. Harper & Brothers.
THE POET AND THE MAN. Recollections and
Appreciations of James Russell Lowell. By Francis H. Underwood, LL. D. Pp. v, 138. Lee &
Shepard.

It is not always that two men who have been comrades in college are able to maintain their youthful familiarity unbroken throughout a lifetime. The value of Commodore Bridge's book on Hawthorne is a record of just one of these rare, unbroken friendships. There is no sign that the intercourse of the two men was ever marred by a single misunderstanding. They had learned at Bowdoin to estimate each the value of the other, and no subsequent broadening of experience changed the aspect of one to the other, Though Hawthorne became a Government officer of many years' training, he always retained in his friend's eyes the air of impracticability and self-distrust which surrounded him at the outset. On the other hand, Bridge seeme.l to his friend the resourceful man of affairs, who could be trusted with all needful communications between the recluse and the world. Yet Bridge came nearer shipwreck in business than would have been possible for Hawthorne. Long after the calamity which forced Bridge to change all the plans of his life, Hawthorne responded to the request of Mrs. Bridge for a story by

to the request of Mrs. Bridge for a story by saying:

I will tell you one which I could write, making that gentleman one of the principal characters. I should begin with the description of his father—a dignified, conservative man—who for many years had lived by the side of a noble river, and had daily enjoyed the sight of the beautiful stream flowing placidly by, without a thought of disturbing its natural course. His children had played upon its banks, and the boys swam in the quiet stream or rowed their boats thereon. But after their father's decease, his sons, grown to manhood—progressive in unison with the spirit of the age—conceived the project of utilizing the great body of water flowing idly by. So, calling in the aid of a famous engineer, they built a high and costly dam across the river, thus creating a great water power sufficient for the use of many prospective mills and factories. The river—tiding its time—quietly allowed the obstructions to be finished; and then it rose in its wrath and swept away the expensive structure and the buildings connected with it, and took its course majestically to the sea. Nor did this satisfy the offended river gods; for they cut a new channel for the stream, and swallowed up the paternal mansion of the young men, and desoluted its beautiful grounds, thus showing the superior power of nature whenever it chooses to assert itself.

The words here are the words of Bridge. But The words here are the words of Bridge. But

one can see in them a glimpse of what Hawthorne would have done with the theme, how he would have traced the irresistible course of that fate which can neither be placated nor evaded. But he was content to view such struggles of man against the nature of things from safe ground. He saw too clearly the baleful consequences of failure. "It seems to me," wrote his friend in 1836, "that you never look on the bright side with any hope or confidence. It is not the philosophy to make one happy." In the letters preserved in this the melancholy is almost wholly on the side of Hawthorne, the sanguine confidence in the future on the side of Bridge. The latter had hopes enough to go around, as the saying is. Rarely did he allow himself the luxury of an allusion to his own hard case, as, for example, when he wrote: "I am not in a very good mood myself, just now, and am certainly unfit to write I fear that you are too good a subject for suicide, and that some day you will end your mortal woes on your own responsibility." But at the bottom of it, there was no more danger of suicide for Hawthorne than there was generally in the case of any man driven hither and thither by thoughts for which he could not as yet find fit utterance. In 1851 one of liawthorne's letters contained this self-depreciatory note: "How slowly I have made my way in life! How much is still to be done! How little worth-outwardly speaking-is all that I have achieved! The bubble reputation is as much a bubble in literature as Remember that this was written after "The Scarlet Letter" and the "House of the Seven Gables" were in the hands of the public. It must be obvious that though he had advanced immeasurably in the practical knowledge and management of his genius, he was not one whit wiser respecting his own temperament than he had been in college days when he listened silently to his young friend's glowing prophecies, or "insisted that he could never bring himself into accord with the general reading public, nor make himself sufficiently understood by it to gain anything more than a beggarly support as an Bridge characterized Hawthorne's fault the commonplace phrase, "borrowing trouble." It is accurate enough, though it might be expounded into a far-reaching study of mental phenomena. Hawthorne's real struggle, whether he was conscious of it or not, was with him self, not with the world. When he conquered his own mind, the world was at his feet. But see how the practical man lectures the genius: And so Frank Pierce is elected Senator! is an instance of what a man can do by trying. With no very remarkable talents, he, at the age of thirty-four, fills one of the highest stations in the nation." It might be thought that Bridge fancied it all one, whether a man went in for writing a mesterpiece like "The Scarlet Letter" or for a Senatorship. But it would be a mistake to think that. He did not pretend to wisdom in literary matters. What he simed at was any stratagem by which he might help his friend. Truly a lovely character went the way of mortality when Commodore Bridge died the other day at his home, The Moorings, in

Pennsylvania. One of the noteworthy passages in Mr. Underwood's little volume on Lowell is that in which he reports the subtle critic's estimate of Hawthorne. " "He said to the writer he would not venture a comparison between Hawthorne Shakespeare, but he believed the world would sooner see another Shakespeare than another Hawthorne." These are remarkable words, deserving of close and impartial consideration. Meanwhile, there are some pleasant pages aside from problems of criticism in Mr. Underwood's book. For example, this picture of

the group at one of the monthly dinners of "The Atlantic" contributors in the early days The bright, powerful and inspired faces that arrounded the ellipse come to mind almost like sight of yesterday. Each guest in turn seems to its his eyes noon the onlooker in this arraculous camera. The group is immortal: a sight of yesterday. Each guest in turn seems to its his eyes upon the onlooker in this haraculous camera. The group is immortal: the separate faces so many varying extressions of genius. Brilliant lights and softly luminous shades seem to play around the table, until the colors and forms are mingled, as in the heart of a picture by Turner. There was Holmes in the flush of his new fame as the Autocrat—a man whose genius flamed out in his speech and expression, as clearly as in his original and sparkling works. There was Lowell, with features of singular power, and eyes which dazzled and charmed. In merriment he was irresistible: in higher moods his face shone like a soul made visible. There was Emerson, thoughtful, but shrewdly observant, and with the placid look of an optimistic philosopher, whose smile was a Benediction; Longtellow, with a head which Phidias might have modelled, by turns calm or radiant, seidom speaking, but always using the fit word; Agassiz, glowing with good humor, simple in phirase, and massive in intellect: Whittier, with noble head and deep-set, brilliant eyes, grown spare and taciturn from ill-health, an ascetic at table, eager only for intellectual enjoyment: Quincy, with patrician air, curious learning, and felicity in epigram; Dwight, with the sky-reaching architecture of Beethoven's symphonies in his brain; Felton, Greek to his flagers' ends, happy in wise discourse and in Homeric laughter; Motley, stateliest man of his time; Norton, the lecturer upon art; Cabot, a veteran contributor to "The Dial?"; Whipple, with two-storied head and bulbous spectacles, keen critic and good talker.

There was one constant visitor, Judge E. R.

before him a long journey in the train. Stay, shorten the distance.' 'Yes,' replied 'The Jedge, army, and double the prospect.' For the searching "that y intensity of Lowell's glance, which must have been even for a single instant, Mr. Underwood cites an unconscious witness: "A servant in the writer's house who had admitted Lowell one evening, said to her mistress in naive admiration, "I deelare, ma'am, Mr. Lowell has the coaxinest eyes I ever see wid a man," "This keen glance meant much; it was revealed in the minuteness and fidelity of the pictures of nature which are to be found in Lowell's poems. "When out for a walk," says Mr. Underwood, "nothing escaped him—not the plumage of a bird, the leafage of a tree, the color of a blossom, nor a trait upon a human counter. Throughout Mr. Underwood's estimate of Lowell's that of an enthusiastic friend rather than critic. In fact, a just statement of Lowell's reasonable and the surface of the pictures of lowell is that of an enthusiastic friend rather than critic. In fact, a just statement of Lowell's reasonable and the interedible. The hadden of the interedible. The hatter than critic. In fact, a just statement of Lowell's reasonable instant, Mr. Underwood eites an unconscious witness: "A servant in the writer's house on parade over the battle unconscious witness: "A servant in the writer's house on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on parade over the battle. Then the army marches on pa Nest," in Lowell's handwriting. The illustrations to Commodore Bridge's book include portraits and views of the quaint houses in which Hawthorne

# AN EGYPTIAN MUNCHAUSEN.

RAMESES II AND THE POET PENTAUR.

OUTLINES OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HISTORY. By August Mariette. Translated and edited, with notes, by Mary Prodrick, with an introductory note by William C. Window, D. D., D. C. L., Ll. D., vice-president of the Egypt Exploration Fund for the United States. Pp. xxxII, 155. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The layman in Egyptian archaeology and history cannot avoid the feeling that the experts in whose work he takes delight sometimes miss excellent chances for enlivening their pages with a little humor. For example: We all know, by hearsay, at least, that royal personages at the present day are really a respectable, hard-working class of people. They have business, and they attend to it with almost as much industry as the ordinary citizens or subjects show in earing for their own private fortunes. But a little way back in history the main occupation of a monarch seems to have consisted in striking attitudes. When he was tired of one pose, he took another, while the people looked on and said: "Ah: what an excellent King! See! He is now reigning with all his might!" A little earlier, and the king appears to have been a person whose only requirements were, not intelligence, but a strong arm, a sharp axe and a sanguinary disposition. No matter how painfully investigation is carried on from this point to the origin of human affairs, there does not appear to be much change in the character of monarchs. One feature of their conduct, especially, has been monotonously uniform from the time of Menes on. They have taken all the praise there was going, and when contemporary flattery was not up to standard they have praised themselves.

Among the other things which Egypt has to

boast of was a king who distanced all com-petitors in this matter of self-laudation. The young ladies of Israel might be excused for saying that David had slain his tens of thou-What did they know about war? But imagine the king of an enlightened nation retunning from a comparatively insignificant camof his friend, for he burst out with the rebuke; paign and deliberately employing his leisure in was that he had destroyed vast armies, with no help save that of two horses with long names and a tame lion with no name whatever. He not only had his historical monograph on an episode in his career written, but he had it carefully composed, as if taken down from his own dictation, and liberally sprinkled with the personal pronoun of the first person singular. Then he was equally solicitous to have it in-scribed on stone. Doubtless he walked out scribed on stone. every morning-or rode-to watch the progress of the stone-cutters, and to see that no changes were made in what he meant to be considered m war, and I should not be one whit happier if the indisputable record of his reign. For unmine were world-wide and time-long, than I was disguised and undisguisable effrontery in the manufacture of history, commend us to Rameses, second of the name, Son of the Sun, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, lord of both worlds, the absolute master, and to his servile, but brilliant, adulator, the poet Pentaur.

It does not lessen the humor of the situation to remember that the war in which Rameses is said to have fought at least one battle single-handed against an army of 2,500 chariots-or counting two men and a pair of horses to each chariot, 5,000 men and 5,000 horses-lasted eighteen year and ended with a treaty which practically restored the statum qui ante bellum fuisset. Whatever may have been the result of particular battles, the war on the whole was a victory for neither Egypt nor for its enemies. What was worse, the contest showed that the ancient empire of the Nile was losing strength. In the older times, surrounded by mere nomadic hordes, Egypt tound conquest easy. But other parts of the world were now becoming partially civilized. Spoilsmen eager to share the riches of the venerable realm were pressing against the boundaries on all sides-from Libya, from the Soudan, from Arabia, from Syria, from the islands of the Greeks and Carians, and the doom of the land was writ more plainly in the faces of the people than even Pentaur's verses were graven on the walls of Karnak. "The warof Rameses II show," says M. Mariette, "that the anxiety betrayed at the commencement of the Nineteenth Dynasty was not without foundation, and the fime was not far off when Egypt would cease to be the arbiter of the world's destinies. Yet he remarks quite seriously after translating Pentaur's poem, "That Rameses was a great warrior, the above details will have shown." would it not be better, while laying stress upon the genius and skill of the poet, to open one's eyes to the absurdity of the thing from the historical point of view? It will do the study of Egyptian antiquities no harm. On the contrary, it will add an element of interest. The study is one which needs to have its gravity upset occasionally.

Considered impartially, the real hero of the poem is the poet himself. He has with wonderful dexterity turned the indecisive result of a war which exposed Egypt's weakness into a means of restoring the self-love of the King, and in this way has done what he could to arouse the waning patriotism of the people. He revived in them, doubtless, all the memories of former greatness. For the moment those who heard or read his song of triumph felt within themselves the stirring of a spirit that might, if it had been permanent, have restored the sceptre of the world to the Nile. Pentaur's device was grand. But as to the genuineness of its theme, doubt is certainly permissible. No conjecture will suffice to render probable the incident which the poet has related. Of course, it is possible that he may have related a story which had been given to him as true. In that case the matter ceases to be one of epic enthusiasm, and must be deemed an example of plain, everyday, though royal, lying. Modern Europeans and Americans have some interest in the subject, if the most recent theory be true, that the Kheta, whom Rameses claimed to have conquered so easily, spoke a language related to those of the Western races. They can, if they choose, get up a little feeling of partisanship; for they will not readily confess that any spindle-legged Egyptian could have whipped 5,000 Indo-Europeans in one fight. Moreover, the poem itself betrays some signs of a conspiracy on the part of the King and his generals to furnish the author with such details only as would be agreeable to royalty. In the first place, the tale could be made credible only by attributing it as a miracle to the god of war. This was sufficient for the poet and for his devout readers. It should

appeared a bowl of flaming punch that diffused substantiate the miracle, but his own fame must Sabaean odors. Still 'The Jedge' edged toward suffer no diminution on that account. So he is the door, excusing himself by saying that he had represented as posing before his belated generals, who silently accept the rebuke he gives said the Autocrat, 'and take some punch; 'twill them for not arriving in time to help him kill an "You cannot say," he adds in effect, "that you knew nothing about it, for my orders were specific. You have all acted badly." Again observed by any one who saw him face to face, and again he asserts that he was alone, as if re-

of Lowell is that of an enthusiastic friend rather than critic. In fact, a just statement of Lowell's to many Egyptian rulers. They were all more course of time generalization is carried to what, Dr position in the world of letters may have to be or less addicted to erasing the cartouches of their the sake of argument, we may call its highest power; position in the world of letters may have to be awaited long. The volume is illustrated with predecessors and inscriting their own, thus steal it concerns itself less and less with details, with awaited long. The volume is linistrated with portraits and a copy in fac-simile of "The Oriole's long the credit of another's achievements; but linear effects, and more and more with masses. It linear effects, and more and more with masses. It would give not a mosaic of symbols, but the substance long. The illustrations even at this game Rameses surpassed all the rest. "On the statues and sphinxes of the of many symbols in one. At last, in the work of Twelfth and Thirteenth Dynasties, Rameses has Claude Monet and his school, landscape art gives you often erased the very cartouches which would thus have dated them, and in their place has

is added an appendix, reviewing in detail the sources that may be drawn upon for the study of Egyptian chronology and the questions of dynastic succession or synchronism. Probably these achievements of MM Monet and Besnard, Messrs, Welt questions never will be settled. In one sense of the word, it is discouraging to think that the variations which are possible imply a difference greater than the whole period of the Christian Era. Put luckily all the interest of Egypt is not wrapped up in the entanglement of its chronology.

# LITERARY NOTES.

Mrs. Deland has finished a new novel, and under the title of "Philip and His Wife" it is to be published serially in "The Atlant. "

Mr. Walter Crane Is now at work upon eight draw ings illustrating "The Tempest." These and others are to illustrate the Dallastype reduced facsimile of the 1623 fello Shakespeare, Mr. Crane having undertaken to make for this edition a generous number of designs in the style of the great masters of the six teenth century. There will be two editions on Japa nese vellum paper, and one on Arnold's unbleached hand-made paper. The large paper sets will be lim ited to 500 copies. The printing will be done entirely at hand press.

The first and second volumes of Mr. James Ford Rhodes's "History of the United States" have gone

A curious device for "working up" the sale of a book is reported in "The (London) Anthor." It was given out that a noble of high degree was resolved marry the exact counterpart of a certain hereine of romance. Of course the marriageable girls all bought the romance to see what the heroine was like. Hence much profit for the author.

An hour with Robert Franz, the German song writer, will be described in the next number of "The Century" by Mr. Henry T. Frinck.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's power of terse and telling description ought to be at its best in a paper on "Three English Race Meetings," This article illustrated by William Small, one of the eleverest of the British artists of his kind, will appear in the July "Harper."

Mr. J. Churton Collins's biographical and critical to exact observation. press. "When I first began to study ollins says in his preface, "I felt convinced that not only was he never in one in the proper acceptation of the term, but that the maladies which he himself regarded as the germs and symptoms of gradually developing disease had in truth no connection with the state into which he latterly sank,"

Mary Anderson Navarro is writing, not an auto-

biography, but her reminiscences of the stage. Robert Buchanan is agitated about something. ends to "The London Caronicle" what may be called a Flery Outburst. "Literature, he cries therein, "can always take care of itself, and contemporary judgments upon it are only the cacklings of geese in the Capitol. The gentlemen who aftern that all the great writers have departed are descendants of the gentlemen who thought Coleridge a 'driveller,' Wadsworth an old woman, and Shelley a moonstruck noodle, and who bewalled pathetically the golden age of Pope and Cowper. A writer must be a dead man, of Pepe and Cowper. A writer thus to a dead man, either physically or morally, before the geese approve him. They hisset, until he was stiff and cold, the greatest of all living Americans, and when he was laid in his grave only one man, an atheist by profession, had the courage to speak the funeral oration. They tormented and insuited Robert Browning for forty years, and then, when Westminster Abbey opened to him, cried: 'How great he was! how sane and good! They bought twenty editions of The Epic of Hartes, and left James Thomson and Richard Jeffreys to starve. They did, in short, what human geese do under all seasons and conditions-they asked if literature was played out,' and assumed that it was because they had neither eyes to discern nor souls to distinguish between real literary achievements and bogus reputations."

A volume of "Williams Verse" has been compiled from the pages of various periodicals conducted in past years by Williams students. It contains 159 past years by winning state immediately from the poems, and is coming almost immediately from the Knickerbocker press.

A whimsical letter written by W. S. Gilbert notes "a great want" among poets. "I should like to suggest," he says, "that any inventor who is in need of a name for his invention would confer a boon on all rhymesters, and at the same time insure himself many gratuitous advertisements, if he were to select a word that rhymes to one of the many words in common use that have very few rhymes, or none at all. A few more words rhyming to 'love' are greatly wanted. 'Revenge' and 'avenge' have no thyme but 'Penge' and 'Stanehenge'; 'colf' has no rhyme at all, 'Starve has no rhyme except (ob. irony!) 'carve.' 'Scarf' has no rhyme, though I fully expect to be told that 'laugh.' 'calf' and 'half' are admissible, which they

There is a great deal of practical information about living abroad to be found in W. H. Bishop's forthcoming book, "A House Hunter in Europe."

Mr. Eugene Lee Hamilton bas found a striking dutle and set it forth in a bit of verse, which he entitles

BAUDELAIRE. A Paris gutter of the good old times,
Black and putrescent in its stagnant bed,
Save where the shamble oozings fringe it red,
Or scaffold trickles, or nocturnal crimes.
It holds dropped gold; dead dowers from tropic climes
Gens true and false, by midnight maskers shed;
Old pots of rogue; old broken vials that spread
Vague funes of musk, with funes from slums an
silmes.

And everywhere as glows the set of day
Along the windings of the fetid mire.
There floats the gorgeous iris of decay:
A wavy film of color gold and fire
Trembles all through it as you pick your way.
And streaks of purple that are straight from Tyre.

Zola's new novel, "Doctor Pascal," is just coming

AN UNNECESSARY COINAGE From The Detroit Free Press.

Washington society last winter knew a very self-sufficient bachelor, who was a Congressman. In cer-tain lines he was smart enough, but generally speak-ing he needed about twice as much series as he usual-ly displayed. One evening he was talking to a sharp with two-storied head and bulbous spectacles, have been enough for Rameses to be acknowledged keen critic and good talker.

There was one constant visitor, Judge E. R. as an ally of the divinity. But his vanity was more colossal than all the architecture of his whom it is said that he rarely left the more colossal than all the architecture of his white without a witty rejoinder. Once there country. The name of the god might serve to cently. "That's what you have already."

THE CHRONICLE OF ARTS.

EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER TOPICS IMPRESSIONISTIC ART-PICTURES BY MONET. BESNARD, TWACHTMAN AND WEIR-A MINOR SUMMER SHOW-FORMATION OF A

SOCIETY FOR THE PROMO-

often erased the very cartouches which would thus have dated them, and in their place has carved his own. So carefully has this been done that the most expert archaeologists have often been deceived, and have attributed monuments to the conquering king of the Nineteenth Dynasty, when, in reality, they were a thousand years older."

But all this is only to say that M. Mariette's "Apercu" is an admirable book, and that its value is not lessened, but increased, in this translation. Corrections or additions in brackets or in footnotes bring the work up to 1892. There is a sketch map of the dynasties of Ancient Egypt. Tables of the royal cartouches and of the dynasties according to Manetho, and a list of books of reference are also included. The history of Egypt from the earliest times to the Mahometan conquest is given in a readable form, but with the utmost compactness. To this form, but with the utmost compactness. To this French impressionists renew independently the train and Twachtman. All these artists, with the exception of Besnard, have been made thoroughly well known here before, but never in quite the same way.

In making the distinction noted above, between nation making the distinction noted above, because patient analysis and rapid synthesis it is not unnatural, in the presence of an imperfect exemplar of the latter method, to surmise that the school to which he belongs is disposed to sacrifice much which its antithesis would preserve. But it is ob-vious in the work of a man like Monet that the that he often misses one thing which appears to be essential, the full character of texture in herbego and trees, the reply is that from his point of view that is not really an essential. What is, is the sensions tonal equivalent, the color note and not the tetanical explanation of the object depicted. Grant- Froebel discovered the first kindergarten!" ing this hypothesis, there is astonishing fidelity to nature in Monet's pictures. He may not convey a consciousness of fibre, of the clesely scrutinized surnature in Monet's pictures. He may not convey a consciousness of fibre, of the closely scratinized surface of turf or leafage, but he leaves no doubt as to the general effect, the broad tonal relations of the different parts in his composition. Take him in any of his works in this exhibition, but most of all, as is proper, at his best, in No. 140, "Ravin de la pettle creuse"; In No. 147, "Les Peupliers," or in No. 150, "Antibes," and the effect is that of a tonal unity which is also veraclous. It is true that this picture, but it were surely most arbitrary to hold that impressionistic pictures any more than any others should be apprehended at one fixed distance. The most remarkable of Monet's characteristics, more remarkable of Monet's characteristics, more relatively than his subtle expression of smulght, is his manuscement of the values in his malertines. There his management of the values in his paintings. There he has frequently to be subtle also, as in No. 138, a curious and charming study of a rainstorm, and, at other times, as in the view of Antibes just noticed, he balances sharply contrasted bodies of color which involve difficult relations of tone. But in subtlety and directness alike he works with peculiar precision. This rightness of effect will some times in handscape coloration be based principally on a decorative instinct. The truth of Menetic view of the coloration be based principally on a decorative instinct.

there are observation and decorative feeling in about equal force. His seven or eight portraits of feminine models, and among them Nos. 149 and 151 particularly, are extraordinarily clever studies of the merely decorative charm of the subjects, to say nothing of the feeling which he, with more than the average Frenchman's penetration, has discerned behind the features. In the group of pictures of horses which accompanies his portraits he exhibits as fine.

Her voice brought memories of tears and mirth. a gift for the expression of movement. As a colorist Besnard is uneven. He shares the tendency of Impressionists to emphasize unduly, and in one of his portraits, No. 145, "Clytic," as well as in No. 141, "Unbridled," a brilliant study of a horse prancing in the water, his tones are both crude and unnatural. These, however, are but two paintings out times that number. In the others his color has fresh- From "Love in Idieness." ness and beauty, is harmonious, and in one striking instance, a stable interior studied by lantern light. No. 153, is laminous and transparent. This last work is an especially good example, too, of Besnard's understanding of structure. He knows the human figure well, as may be seen not only from the stable boy in this picture, but from the semi-nude bust of a woman in No. 155, "Sunlight," which is exceedingly well modelled. But his studies of horses show most effectively his skill in suggesting the verities of an anatomical frame. Besnard's most individual charm is not either his color, his masterly technique or his style, but the element of feeling in his work at which we have already glanced. It is melancholy and slightly morbid in No. 149, "Autumn," and No. 148, cension Lilles," both studies of attenuated feminine types. In every one of the portraits save the "Cly-tic," It is unique and haunting.

It is some time since Mr. Welr and Mr. Twachtman, whose styles are remarkably similar, arrived at atmospheric truth in their impressionistic landscapes In this respect, though they have not essayed as brilliantly sunny effects as those with which Monet prefers to occupy himself, they have applied very dilfully and successfully the lessons learned from the source to which his example, directly or indirectly, sent them. Yet their work is on the wholtypical of a state of transition. In addition to light nd air both have a sensitiveness to the sentiment of landscape which goes far to keep intact the reality and the charm of their pictures. Both finally have a style which is attractive and which they owe to no one but themselves. They present it in common, to be sure, but it is original. Their work is progressive, artistic in spirit and execution and extremely interesting. Where it is nevertheless greatly susceptible of improvement is in the direction of clarity Mr. Weir never has any difficulty in obtaining relief in his figure pieces. His full-length portrait of a hunter-the same which was hung at the Refrisper five Exhibition-and the two or three studio children are solid, intelligible pictures. however, is a quality not so inevitably found in his landscapes nor in those of Mr. Twachtman. Their frequent vague and confused effect is due apparently an excess in the interpretation of the principle to which reference has been made apropos of Monet. which reference has been made apropos of Monet, the fusion of the parts of a scene into a parely tonal unity. This excess is bound to be corrected in time. unity. This excess is some to be corrected in time, and there are some of Mr. Weir's pictures, in fact, like No. 54, "October Sunshine," and No. 47, "Mande Inn," which show that he is easily capable of more juckly work than that exemplified in No. 55, "The Fond,", an almost incomprehensible sketch. One good result of Mr. Weir's method and Mr. Twachtman's is decorative effect. They get this in their land-capes, and still more do they get it in the flowerstudies which are scattered among the letter. There studies which are scattered among the latter. There are no more charming pictures in the exhibition than Mr. Twachtman's oils and pastels and Mr. Welr's oils of Uger lilies, g'adiol and other blossoms. Mr. Welr's oils to his exhibit of patients a collection of his etchings: to his exhibit of patients a collection of his etchings: the lilies had by individuality. All the pictures will remain on view for an indefinite length of time.

Another exhibition which will hast through the next few months has been opened at the Hölloch Galleries, No. 576 Fifth-ave. It is contined to works by American artists, and comprises a number of pictures which have been seen before but are worth seeing again in an idle half hour. There are figure seeing again in an idle half hour. There are figure pieces by Messrs. Kendall, Chase, Beckwith and pieces by Messrs. Kendall, Chase, Beckwith and

| Caliga, and there are the two excellent compositions by Mr. Bell and Mr. Preliwitz which were recently given the second and third Hallgarten prizes re spectively at the Academy exhibition. The Academy and the Society of American Artists' exhibitions have both contributed to the display. The principal landscapes hung are by Messrs, Simmons, Coffin.

Chase, Butler, Cox, Gay, Ochtman and Minor, An important movement looking to the encouragement of plastic art in America has been inaugurated and will shortly reach the stage at which a formu-

A letter from Mr. T. H. Bartlett informs us that M. Auguste Redin has some blockers. A letter from Mr. T. H. Bartlett informs us that M. Auguste Rodin has sent him a warning in regard to the sale of spurious works of sculpture in America bearing his (Rodin's) name. The distinguished French sculptor has heard of such frauds from more than one person, and he desires to have it known that everything he sells to go to America is accompanied by a written guarantee of its authenticity signed by by himself.

From the Messrs, Darand-Ruel we have received sumptionally illustrated catalogue of the Meissonler

### CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

In the public schools there are many pupils to whom furnace-heated buildings are a novelty, and the word "register" seems too much for them to remember. Not infrequently it is called "the refrigerator," but a New-England youngster here in school has capped the climax by asking, "Please may I sit on the janitor?"

A schoolboy the other day, being told to describe Jacksonville, Fla., said: "It is a great summer resort

Little Teddy, who is most regular in his attendance intention of impressionism is to retain all essentials. at the kindergarten, was very much interested in the lift it is asserted, as it may quite truly be asserted, approaching celebration of Froebel's birthday. The

white, conical-shaped ash

unity which is also veracious. It is true that this unity is only visible after a careful fecussing of the

# A MINISTERING SPIRIT.

"Pilot of fleating cloud, hast left the blue,
"Lighting to play!
Or wind-wraith that with wings of sunrise flew
From gates of day!"
She passed in sun and shade, now grave, now gay.

"I come from God, to give in weary eyes New Joy on everything:
I am the Joy of Spring:
I ten hear of man to leap, and bring
Him heles fair and holy prophecies."

Under the sun There's nothing new-Poem or pun, Under the sun,

Said Solomon, And he said true. Under the sun There's nothing new.

SONNET ON THE SONNET. From the original of Lope de Vega by J. G. Gibson

To write a sonnet doth my Julia press me-lye never found me in such stress or pain; A sonnet numbers fourteen lines, "its plaim, And three are gone ere I can say, "God bless me!" I thought that spinning lines would sore oppress Yet here I'm midway in the last quatrain! And if the foremost tercet I begin. The quatrains need not any more distress me.

To the first tercet I have got at last, And travel through it with such right good-will That with this line I've finished it, I ween: I'm in the second now, and see how fast
The thirteenth line comes tripping from my quill;
Hurrah! 'tis done! Count if there be fourtee

# A SONNET OF CHARLES LAMB.

From The Bookman. From The Bookman.

In a letter dated December, 1833, to the poet Samuel Rogers, acknowledging the receipt of his "Heasures of Memory," Charles Lamb says; "I have tried my hand at a sonnet in 'The Times,' but the turn I gave it, though I hoped it would not displease you. I thought might not be equally agreeable to your artist." (Letter 407, Ainger.) Canon Ainger in his note on the passage tells us that he has been unable "to discover whether this poem ever appeared in the journal named." As a matter of fact, it was printed in 'The Times' of December 13, 1833, and as it has not, to my knowledge, been reprinted in any edition of Lamb's works. I here transcribe it that lovers of Lamb-Ella is never liked—may have it necessible, it has been well said that Charles Lamb is one of those authors of whose work his admirers want every scrap and fragment that is to be had.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ., ON THE NEW EDITION

Poetic friend, and fed with luxury
The eye of pairpered aristocray
In giltering drawing-rooms and gilt bondoirs
O'crield with comments of pictorial art.
However rich or rule, yet folding leaving
Of the tone reader-wet a nobler part
Avails thy work, already rissels styled.
Chempelad, sect-selled in homoliest show
The modest beaut; through the land shall go
Frene year to year, and reader life more mild;
Refinement to the poor same hearth shall give.
And in the moral heart of England live. C. LAMB.

The filinstrations referred to were by Turner and Thomas Stothard. We may compare Lamb's verses to the latter "consummate artist, whose undying name," etc., and, further on in the letter above mentioned, "I am lealous of the combination of the sister

#### WHERE FRANK R. STOCKTON LIVES. From The Newark Advertiser.

## THE "SYMPOSIUM."

EXTRACTS FROM AN IMPORTANT DISCUSSION

IN "THE LAND OF NOD REVIEW" has long felt that a thorough, scholarly and authoritative discussion ought to be had of that vital social question, was the tall, or the tall the dog? Realizing that the treatment of so difficult and im-Nod Review," he decided upon a symposium of its able contributors, who, he need scarcely say, comprise the great bulk of the best thinkers and the ripest minds of the present day. The editor takes peculiar pride in herewith laying before his readers this great and epoch-marking Symposium)

The view of Senator Pulque, of New-Mexico. "I approach this weighty question with a full sense of the honor conferred upon me in being asked to contribute to a publication so able and far-reaching also with a perfect realization of the necessity which exists that the people of my great Territory, which exports more unsafted bides and jerked beef than any State in the Union, should be heard from on this subject. If I may be allowed to paraphrase a cele-brated remark of a distinguished and eloquent citizen of a neighboring State-I refer to the Hon. Webster Flannigan, of Texas-I can only inquire. Wifat to the dog here for? The dog can wag the tall, and in my opinion he ought to do it. In the words of another celebrated statesman, to the victors belong the spoils. The wag privilege I consider spoils, and that it belongs to the dog is beyond question. More than this: I believe that the dog could claim the right of wagging his tail on the ground of eminent domain.

The opinion of the Hon. Mr. Plunk, of Georgia; "Sir: I approach this question with that high en-thusiasm and ardent warmth of feeling which ever pulsates in the bosom of one born and nurtured in this sunny clime of intoxicating flowers, melodious birds and handsome women. I feel deeply on this subject, and shall express myself plainly. I believe that the tail should wag the dog! The right of the tail to wag itself cannot be disputed by any same person. This is conferred upon it by nature. The fact that the dog has too many other things to do to attend to wagging himself, therefore it is clearly the duty of the tail to wag him. These conclusions, sir, are reached after years of thought and consideration, and I am, sir, ready to maintain them, here or elsewhere, and in such manner as may be agreed upon by the seconds."

Convictions of Mr. Mission, President of the Tall Timber County (Mass.) Anti-Vivisection Society:

"There is something far deeper and more important in this question than the mere expediency of a dog wagging his tail or allowing it to wag him. We have no right to inquire into the subject at all. The next thing we know, some so-called scientist, at heart a savage (as most scientists are) will be standing a poor dog on the rack and making him torture himself by striving to wag his tail while his tail is struggling to wag him. In the name of the Tall Timber Anti-Vivisection Society I demand to know if such things are to be! What say the enlightened people of America to such barbarity t jected to such torment! Picture to yourself the scene, as a poor, harmless, noble dog stands on a marble slab, while one bloody-minded 'scientist' urges the animal to wag his tail and another heartless thing, in the outward guise of a man, does all that his flendish and diabolical nature can conceive of to induce the suffering tail to wag the pain-torn dog! What say the mothers of America to such things as this, which, it is well known, are daily being practised in the torture-chamber of our labora-tories? I say the remedy for this shameless and terrible state of affairs is to give woman the bailot. Until that time comes must poor, dumb dogs be hourly wrenched to pieces in an attempt to settle a question which can be of no benefit to any one? In the name of the Tall Timber County Anti-Vivisec-tion Society I protest against it!" Conclusions of Mr. Higginbotham Paddleford,

eminent Beston statistician and political economist: "Let us settle this question by bringing it into the clear radiance of fact. There were, at the time of the last census, in the United States, dogs as follows: North Central Section, 242,857; Middle Section, 564,492; South Central Lower Edge, 1,108,045; West Central Corner, 690,213; Northwest Central Strip, 435,666; Pacific Coast, 358,204. This gives us a grand total of 3,399,477 dogs in the United States. Deducting from this 24,371 dogs born without talls, 498,428 which had lost their tails through either accident or design, 27,050 about which their owners re-fused to give the facts and 60,334 which were going so fast that the enumerator could not be sure as to the exact status of their tails, it leaves us with 2.789,-204 dogs and the same number of tails. Again deducting 1,244,315 dogs whose tails remained fixed times in landscape Toloration be based principally on a decorative instinct. The truth of Monet's pictures forces the conclusion that he owes his success to exact observation.

In Besnard, a figure painter of the school of Monet, leads.

"Or art thou that sweet spirit of the trees That rises red That rises red That rises red To flush their tips, till, to the warmer breeze, Leaflets are spread?"

Young leaves, like woodland sunbeams, crowned her leads to the school of Monet, head.

"Or art thou that sweet spirit of the trees during 1,244.315 dogs whose talls remained fixed during the call of the enumerator, and 684,208 which bit the enumerator and flourished their talls villy, it leaves us a total of 800,771 dogs observed and noted.

Of these, it is surprising to leave that in 430,383 cases the dog wagged the tall, while in exactly the cases the dog wagged the tall, while in exactly the same number of instances the tall wagged the dog, leaving one dog, reported from the South Central stub-end, which alternately wagged his tall and al-lowed the tail to wag him. Thus we see in settling any question the great value of statistics."

Convictions of General Post Prandial, the widely

celebrated after-dinner speaker: "In approaching this question, which is really mu more vital than is generally supposed, I am reminded of the old conundrum as to the best point at which to cut off a dog's tall, the answer being just behind the cats.' When I was a small boy I remember that one of our neighbors had a dog so big that if it happened

to hit me when wagging its tall it would knock me over. I can only conjecture what would have been the result had the tail remained stationary and swung the dog around and struck me. By the way, I am reminded to ask if the dogs brought up in our New-York flats, which, owing to the lack of space, learn to wag their tails up and down, are to be included in this important inquiry! I find that I have already exceeded the limits of my space and I can only say in closing that we must rally round this great pro lem as one grand, united people, knowing no South, no North, no East, no West, but with a calm faith in Constitutional Government and that the right must finally prevail. I cannot see how any other conclusion can be arrived at than the one I have outlined. I am glad of the chance which this has afforded me to put myself unalterably on record as upholding the side of right, justice and ultimate victory!

The ideas of Mrs. May Jenks-Tradefellow, the poet f passion, author of "Conrad Furioso," "Eight Ruined Lives," "And We Cast Away the Decalogue," "Crack, Went My Heart!" "Spring Footwear and Trouserings for Gentlemen." " How Wives Abuse Their Husbands,"

"Ought Walters to Wear Mustaches?" etc.: "It seems to me that the best way to settle this question is to use pug dogs. The pug's tall curls so tightly that it can neither be waged nor was the dog. The tendency is, I think, in the beau monde to employ pags more and more."

As seen by the Rev. Mr. Recentcall:

What we must look at in this question, as in all others, is the right and wrong of it, for there is a right and wrong to everything. When I was a little boy this was early impressed upon me, and while I was in Europe last summer I became still further convinced of it. The problem, then, is to first out the right and let that become our rule of action in the matter. How easy it all becomes now! Some claim that the dog should wag the tail; others that the tail should wag the dog. Each side is honest in its conshould wag the dog. Each side is nonest in its covery viction. But each makes the slight and perfectly natural mistake of going a very little too far; for the true solution is, as we have seen, to let the dog wag the tail half of the time, and the tail the dog the other half of the time. How beautiful this grand problem becomes when we know the true solution; and we should rejoice that we can leave the grand dog and his tail in pence, each wagging and being wagged, alternately in happy concord."

A final word by Dr. Cereal Tuber, the eminent vegetarian, author of "How to Be Happy Though

"If it were not for the pernicious habit of indue ing and compelling dogs to cat meat this question would not arise, since dogs would not be burdened with unnecessary and superfluous tails. In Upper Boshy Fosh, India, where dogs have been for ages allowed to live as Nature intended, and never cat anything but vegetables, tails among them are unknown. They are much healthier and longer-lived. Twenty per cent of the strength of the dog now goes to wagging his tail; another 20 per cent to resisting the attempts of the tall to wag him. Take away the poisonous scrap of ment and the deadly shank-bone from your dog and his absurd tall will gradually disappear, his digestion will improve, and he will become stronger mentally, morally and physically."